

THE
S E Q U E L:
O R
MODERATION Further Display'd,
A
P O E M.

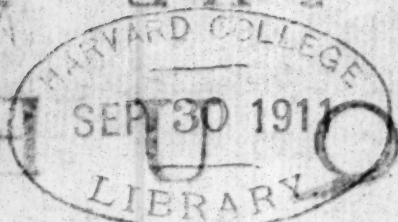
by William Shippen

By the Author of *Faction Display'd.*

*Peccat & hoc, peccat ; vitio tamen utitur : at vos
Dicite pontifices, in sacro quid facit Aurum ?*

Aul. per. 2. Sat. 2.

Printed in the Year 1705.



*Gift of
Edgar H. Wells*

P R E F A C E.

I Cannot easily Apprehend the Necessity of a Preface here, unless it be, that People generally expect it; as by the same Rule, whenever any Trifle of this Nature happens to please 'em; they are never satisfied till they see a Second Part of it: I have been willing for the last Reason to Oblige 'em, and indeed, the rather, for their Favourable Entertainment of the two first Parts: But I have Consequently the more Disoblig'd my Muse in it, nor will I answer now, she shall keep pace with the Opinion of the Town: For I have this to say, The following Poem was Writ and Printed in a Abundance of Hast, being snatch'd out of my hands like Faery Children, without giving me time to view the Complexion, so indisputably liable to many irregular features: As in the very first Line,

Satyr

Satyr once more my tow'ring Muse sustain,

instead of

Satyr once more do thou my Muse sustain,

for *Tow'ring Muse* seems here an improper Epithet. Likewise in the 3d Line of Page 1.

Let thy Impulsive Heat each Page inflame.

I won't answer where the mistake lies, but I'm perswaded 'tis more Poetical thus :

Let thy Impulsive Heat each Page inflame.

These and several less Errors have escap'd the Press, which if I cannot obtain the Reader's Pardon for, I have prudently, like many others, cry'd out *Woe first*.

This is all the business I can find for a Preface, the Duty of it having been sufficiently discharg'd in that prefix'd to the first part: so I shall only add, that if This meet with approbation, I shall thank the World; if not, the World may thank themselves for drawing me into the Sin.

Moderation Further

DISPLAY'D.

SATYR once more my towering *Muse* sustain,
Direct her flight in thy all Pow'rful strain;
Let thy Impulsive Heat each Page inflame,
And as my Numbers, be thy Praise the same :
O ! Satyr — for thou only can'st Controul,
Reign in my Breast, and Live within my Soul.
Speak now, if ever thou did'st *Faction* hate,
Her *Moderation Virtues* explicate.
Draw her in every Shape the *Flury* wears,
And shew her to the last extream of endless jarrs,
While Powerful Verse her further Plots surveys,
Her Wily Arts, and her Destructive ways.

B.

Where

Where is the Wonted *Genius* of the Land,
 That did unshaken through all Dangers Stand ;
 Nor fear'd with Honest Rage, in Holy times,
 To shew bad States Men, or Lewd Priests their Crimes ;
 Prompt to occasion, dauntless Durst resort,
 Nor spar'd the *Altar*, or (much less) the Court ;
 Traytors did then in due Subiection Stand,
 Aw'd by the *Rod* of some inflicting Hand :
 Were *Dryden* here——but 'tis in vain to ask,
Dryden shou'd reassume the Heav'nly task ;
 Scourge of all Rebels, fearless of their hate,
 He shou'd their New Born Crimes enumerate,
 Display this Sainted *Moderation* Tribe,
 And shew the Medly *Pharisee* and *Scribe*,
 Sift all their Councils, all their Arts expose,
 And warm'd with Noble Rage, their Frauds disclose :

But where's the Lofty *English Spirit* fled,
 When will she rear again her Sinking Head ?
 Are we of ev'ry daring *Muse* bereft,
 Nor now an *Oldham*, nor a *Dryden* left ?

Speak

Speak *Satyr* then — for thou the truth dar'st tell,
 Their darling Mischiefs, and their Plots reveal;
 Let curst *Cethego*, be to Hell pursu'd,
 And rummage That to shew the *Motly Brood*;
 Further the hated Fiend, her Forms pourtray,
 And *Moderation* principles display.

When from returning Realms of Day appear'd
 The Meager Spectre — strait the fury rear'd
 Her wither'd Hand, and with a fawning look,
 In sign of joy, her rusty Scepter shook,
 Thrice beat her haggard Breast, and thus she spoke.

Wellcome *Cethego* — thou for ever Fam'd,
 In deepest Councils — and with pleasure Nam'd,
 Whose dark Contrivances I ever own,
 In Times supported my destructive Throne;
 To thee my Subjects a destination pay,
 And their Successes, from thy Councils weigh;
 Happy in Mischiefs thou hast bravely done,
 Adore thee as the Fav'rite of my Crown:

Receiv'd

B 2

She

She said——and strait the Low Obsequious Crow'd,
 Thrice to *Cethego*, and their *Goddeſs* Bow'd:
 So leſſer Devils, when the Great appear,
 Devoted fall, and pay their Homage there.

But now *Cethego* while aſſembled here,
 The ſequel of thy Embaſſy declare:
 What from above thy loaded Breaſt Imparts,
 And how I Reign there in my Subjects Hearts?
 Are my deſigns to full perfection grown,
 The deep laid Schemes of *Moderation*.
 Do's *Anna* ſtill——but theſe ſmall Lets excuſe,
 I ſee thou Labour'ſt with important News;
 When Nodding to her Subjects throng arround,
 They all were ſtruck with ſilence moſt profound;
 An inward joy inflam'd the Haggard Queen,
 When thus her Lov'd *Cethego* did begin.

Great *Goddeſs* Hail, inſpirer of my tongue,
 To whom the Praise of all my Plots belong;
 Miſtreſs of all the joys my Boſom hold,
 Your direful Meſſage, I your Subjects told,
 Receiv'd

Receiv'd with wonder — but the Scheme disclos'd,
 Not one dissenting *Annanire* oppos'd:
 They all your Sov'reign care with Zeal confess,
 And Vow their Lives to Crown it with success;
 The direful project they will aid with Plots,
 Implore all Hell — nor shall it want for Votes;
 They'l hatch, devise, no subtle Arts neglect,
 Until the prosp'rous Mischief take effect.

Nabal do's first his kind Assistance lend,
Nabal a trusty Whig, a trusty Friend,
 A Busy, Troublesome, repining P——
 Such as a L—— and such a Commoner,
 In ev'ry station till the same appear'd
 Was allways talking, but was seldom heard;
 Avow'd, but silent Foe to *Anna's* Reign,
 Who wou'd a boasted *English* Soul Maintain;
 Arraigns the Nations Conduct, and her Pow'r,
 And trumps up Crimes he wink'd at long before:
 He — - though they mind so little what he says,
 Shall cast some Rubs in their obstructed ways;

He shall with others of the Faction Chime,
 And broach Chimeras to protract the time,
 Till by some Nicer Hand, the Plot is spun,
 And *Albion* to their Moderate Scheme be won.
 — At which the Ravin'd Goddess blest the Isle,
 And form'd her Wrinkled Face into a Smile;
 While gazing round her with Infernal Pride,
 Proceed my Lov'd *Cethego* the then Cry'd:
 A sudden Rapture seiz'd the Listening Crowd,
 Who thus exprest their secret joys aloud.

“ Blest be the Goddess, ever Blest her Reign,
 “ That do's her Guardian Pow'r so well maintain,
 “ As such her care be, still our Duty shewn,
 “ To succour and defend her Gloomy Throne.

Cethego, waiting till the Clamour ceas'd,
 In pain to ease his over-burthen'd Breast,
 Again the Fury humbly thus address'd.

“ Nor fear Great Queen to have the Ch ——— said,
 “ The subtle Mischief through the Tribe is spread :

" *Ario* appears with the same front of Brags,

" And vows to Infl'ence the Sons of Grace ;

" *Ario*, Devoted to your direful Throne,

" A Bully P ——— ft, and spiritual Dragoon ;

" So long your pow'rful Scepter he's Obey'd,

" Their need no more of *Ario's* Plots be said.

" Nor will fierce *Zebulun* forsake your side,

" A Hair-Brain'd Teacher, and a Lazie Guide ;

" Who with a Sainted Look, and a Sinners Heart,

" Acts both the P ——— s, and the Trimmers part ;

" *Corah*, and *Dathan* too shall change their Notes,

" Be ready with their Concils and their Votes.

" These, and a Thousand more, the Ch ——— s friends,

" Shall basely swerve to your Nefarious ends ;

" Such is the Homage which they pay your Throne,

" To raise your Kingdom, they'd destroy their own.

O ! Holy Times ——— when purity our Youth,

And P ——— prevaricate the *Sacred Truth*,

Desert the Ch ——— h for meaner ends unknown,

And close with Errors that wou'd pull her down ;

Declining her divided State appears,
 involv'd in Schism, and in endless Wars,
 While Lazie P ———— tes in disguis'd Act,
 And basely sell the Ch ———— they should protect.
 Creatures of different kinds each other fly,
 Or taught by Nature, or Antipathy;
 Wolves will with Wolves, or Lambs with Lambs will Sleep,
 For things less Humane, greater order keep;
 Bodies of Earth down to their Centre move,
 And seeds of Fire ascend to theirs above,
 But here the Ch ———— h against it self Combines,
 And Mod'rate Pow'r, with mixt Religion shines;
 Those who are Sworn to Guard her sinking State,
 Do from her Sacred Essence Derogate.

Say then thou *Guardian Genius* of the Land,
 Was it at first thy great and dread Command,
 This Fav'rite Isle, with thy own Councils blest,
 Shou'd be undone by [Stubborn Lazie P ———— ?
 Did'st thou decree her to Intestine jarrs,
 To endless *Faction*, and to Christian Wars?

But

But spare Digression now my Wandring Muse,
While Black *Cethego*, his dire Song pursues.

Since then the Ch—— inlines to own your cause,
Prepare Great Goddess to disperse your Laws;
For P—— (says he) with blind *Enigma's* freight,
Are the best Tools to Carry on a Plot:
Substitute one in Council to preside,
Ario the fittest, he the rest will Guide,
With all the *Parties* Heat, the P—— tes Pride;
Like him there's none the wav'ring Ch—— can draw,
Nor doubt but you have Friends among the Law.

Though *Burso* will not to your Part be won,
Burso the Pride, and Honour of the Gown;
Who Justice to'r Corrupted Seat Restor'd,
Unbyass'd on the *Bench*, and Faithful at the *Board* :
Though he your Lov'd *Sigillo's* Charge inspect,
With better judgment, and with less defect :

Though *Zebo* too, appear unfix'd, unmov'd,
 Both by his Country, and his Queen belov'd;
 As by a Race of long successive Years,
 His most unshaken Loyalty appears;
 Nor aw'd by Pow'r, nor by fear subdu'd,
 Has fix'd and Honest through all Changes stood.

Nor though *Trebulius* your Yoke endures,
 Yet *Seth*, and many more are firmly yours;
Seth, who arranges the H—— in florid strains,
 And din's their Ears with borrow'd Eloquence;
 He to your Empire ever was inclin'd,
 By Birth a R——l, and a Whig in kind;
 Whose Native Genius e're so feeble shone,
 Declares these suddain Rays are not his own;
 Unless some lucky Riddle make appear,
 His Sp——s ne'er are dull but at the B——r.

However, he no less appears a Friend,
 That boldly utters what's by S——r Pen'd.

Next

Next slim *Adorio* Firmly do's adhere,
 A Fop, a Trimmer, and a C——r,
 Whose soft Effeminante, and Taper size,
 Declare him fit to meet the Ladies Eyes.

Euphronius for Kindred Vertues known,
Euphronius by double tye's your own ;
 That mid'st a Numerous and Attentive Throng,
 (For who can stop a Furious Rebel Tongue ?)
 Durst to the open World Assert your Laws,
 And plead a Rebel's and a Vagrant's cause,
 With all the Furious Heat, and Zeal Exprest,
 That sure your Ardour had inflam'd his Breast ;
 Who ne'er before —— but with precarious Sence,
 Had stray'd into such Beams of Eloquence :
 He merits all the praise you can bestow,
 What's to himself or to *Bathillo* due.

But passing him —— *Dolo* is next in view,
 A shallow J—— but to your Empire true ;

Yet shou'd we trust him, he's so little thought,
I fear he'd Blunder and betray our Plot.

Renato too, of that Letigious Train,
Shall Bawl and Wrangle to defend your Reign :
More I cou'd Name, - — but I forbear the rest ;
The *Fury* rose, and then *Cethego* ceast.

Blest be the Voice, and ever blest the shade,
Dear to his Goddess's Breast, she smiling said,
In these dark Realms, for ever Honour'd here,
That has so well maintain'd her Empire ;
Be thou, wherever *Faction* keeps her Court,
Her *Guardian* Ruler, and her chief Support ;
For to *Cethego's* deeper Policies,
Are owing all my Triumphs, all my Joys.

Nor fear I *Clodio's* Furious Heat will prove
Less Vigilant, less Powerful above ;
On whom as one inspir'd I depend,
An Active Patron, and a Faithful Friend :

Who

Who——when *Sigilio's* deeper Councils join;
 Shall shake the Trembling State, and make it mine.

Till when——as of his Interest secure,
 We Recommend them to his Dice, and Wh——.

Scarce had she ended what she wou'd have spoke,
 But all arround her with surprize were struck;
 A pale confusion ev'ry Look confest,
 (For Fear to Hell pursues a Guilty Breast,)
 When Wond'ring! lo, A Hallow Voice was heard,
 And to their sight a Meager Shade appeard
 An Honest, and Unwav'ring, Aged Ghost,
 Just then Arriv'd from *Albion's* weary Coast;
 One who had Fathom'd, on the Worlds great Stage,
 The depth, and Policies of ev'ry Age;
 In all the Rules of Eloquence compleat,
Fallens great Scourge, and Sovereign of Wit;

Who

Who did (when times would give him leave) oppose —
 Her Hated Reign — her Secret Arts disclose,
 And Routed all the Troops of *Party-Foes*.

Nor when her Antient Power she'd regain'd,
 Was able to endure his lashing Hand,
 But what they could not brook, by force restrain'd :
 So Crown'd with *Honour'd Ages Silver Years*,
 The greatest Genius of the Land Expires.

Nor but my Muse, untun'd for softer Lays,
Eumenes she shou'd Sing in thy deserved Praise ;
 To softer Numbers, Change her direful Song,
 Address to the Great Master of her Native Tongue.

But be Consol'd, for Malice can't refuse
 Thy Learned Ashes, some as sacred Muse ;

Nor did the Fury long the *Speître* view,
 Before too well the Hated Form she knew ;

Her

Her greatest Foe she'd seen in Realms of Light,
 Nor now was able to endure his Sight;
 A Stormy Passion did her Bosom sieze,
 And flames of Lightning darted from her Eyes:
 Nor cou'd her Soul to utterance give room,
 Raving she stood, and was with Passion dumb:
 Thrice on her Breast she struck her blighted Arm,
 To work some direful and destructive Charm;
 But Hell in rev'rence to the awful Shade,
 Their fierce revenging Goddess disobey'd:
 Speechless a while the Glaring Fury lies,
 Eutranc'd in all the bitter'st Agonies;
 Till having struggled with the frantick pain,
 Her Stormy Soul began to Calm again.

So Swelling *Billows*, when the Tempest ceas'd,
 Foaming a while, they rowl themselves to peace.
 Again the *Spectre* she distinctly view'd,
 Nor scarce her Swelling Passion was subdu'd,

When

When thus she to *Eumenes* Ghost apply'd,
 How hast thou dar'd Intruding Wretch she cry'd?
 Without our Vow'd Permission to resort,
 Where adverse *Faction* keeps her Gloomy Court?

Thou! who wer't ever to her Realm a Foe,
 (Too well thy Aged Countenance I know.)

Was it not thee in Popish Times of yore,
 That was Confed'rate with the *Scarlet Whore*?
 Did'st all my Mischiefs, all my Plots reveal,
 And sunk my Empire to it's Native Hell?
 So baffled, so suppress'd my Hated Reign,
 'T had ne'er R — n, but with thesprung again?

To which the fix'd, undaunted *Shade* reply'd,
 Yes, Hated Fiend, 'twas I thy Plots decry'd ;
 I did thy little Arts, and Tricks deride :
 Nor am I chang'd from what I was before,
 Nor one that Loves, nor one can fear thy Pow'r.

W

Hateful

Hateful to me, as thou thy self to Peace,
 Thou curst Invader of all Monarchies,
 Who in thy Mind can'st form the Horrd'st Things;
 Pull Sacred Altars down, or Butcher King's;
 Still I'm thy Foe——nor had'st thou now beheld,
 My Hated Face, but by some Pow'r compell'd;
 Some unknown Power in his Native Skies,
 Beyond the reach of deep Enquiries;
 Gave me in Charge these *Sable Realms* to gain,
 Where Discord do's, and Desolation Reign;
 Where Hell in Gloomy Triumph keeps her Court,
 And Swarthy Fiends arround her Throne resort;
 Hatching loud Mischiefs with Applauded Thoughts,
 Nor Hell has depth to Fathom all your Plots;
 Kingdoms thou'st Sworn their Ruin and their Fall,
 And at one hated Gasp, woud'st Swallow all,
 Thy Lab'ring Feuds, and deep invented Schemes,
 Witnefs the fall of Abdi cated J——s;
 Nor his alone ——urg'd on to Civil Wars,
 Woud'st fill the World with universal jarrs;

With no fix'd order wou'd, or form comply,

Turn to Confusion All, and Anarchy.

Say *Fury* then——nor rowl thy Glaring Eyes,

(I all thy haughty Menaces dispise)

How dost thou so divide the jarring State;

So work, so huddle up *Britania's* Fate?

So subt'ly weave with Fell *Meadean* Arts,

Thy Majic Spells into the *Peoples* Hearts?

For't must be Majic sure that do's maintain

Thy Plots and Mischiefs in a *Tory* Reign.

Where *Modaration* spight of Duty Rules,

Turn States-men Trimmers, Favourites thy *Toots*.

Revolt'g P——like Rebel Children prove,

And Rob the Mother *Ch*——of filial Love;

Nor yet thy Pow'r infallible appears,

Thou'ft lost a P——te, and has gain'd some P——rs.

[Ev'n *Silo* too forgot to change his Note,

Preserv'd his Heart, and gave away his Vote;

When

When long revolving in his *Anxious* mind,
 VWhich part to take, to which be most inclin'd;
Silo had doubtless let the VVhig prevail,
 But that his Sons *Preferment* turn'd the Scale.

Nor *Zula* less, with all his signs of *Grace*,
 Shall with his *Trimming* Arts, for *Tory* pass;
 No *Moderation* principles I grant,
 He's all a D — I, or he's all a Saint.
 More he'd have said — when lo! a sudden Noise,
 Rang through all Hell, of Loud repeated joys;
 Transported *Fiends* ran Headlong up and down,
 And shouting Flock'd arround her tow'ring *Throne*;
 VVhile now the *Fury* knowing what had past,
 Swelling with *Pride*, her sullen joys exprest:
 Let Revels now my finish'd Schemes succeed,
 In vain *Larissa*, or *Aminius* plead,
 In vain *Hortensio* do's carress the Throng,
 Though *Musick* fall from his *Persuasive* Tongue;
 Let *Celsus* know the Plots concerted here]
 Are not defeated by his greatest care.

